

*The Historie of*

Thou hast redeemd thy lost opinion,  
And shewde thou makest some tender of my life  
in this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

*Prin.* O God, they did me too much iniurie,  
That euer sayd, I harkened to your death:  
If it were so, I might haue let alone  
The insulting hand of *Douglas* ouer you,  
Which would haue been as speedy in your end,  
As all the poysonous Potions in the world,  
And sau'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.

*Kin.* Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to *S. Nicholas Gamsey.* *Exit K.*

*Enter Hoisbur.*

*Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth?*

*Prin.* Thou speakest, as if I would deny my name.

*Hot.* My name is *Harry Percy.*

*Hrin.* Why then I see a very valiant Rebelle of that name.

I am the *Prince of Wales*; and thinke not *Percy*,  
To share with me in glory any more:

Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,  
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,  
Of *Harry Percy*, and the *Prince of Wales.*

*Hot.* Now shall it *Harry*, for the houre is come,  
To end the one of vs; and would to God,  
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

*Prin.* Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,  
And all thy budding Honours on thy Crest  
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

*They fight. Enter Falstaffe.*

*Fal.* Well said *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay, you shall find no Boyes  
play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas, he fights with Falstaffe, he falls downe as  
if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.*

*Hot.* Oh *Harry*, thou hast robd me of my youth,  
I better broke the losse of brittle Life,  
Then those proud Titles thou hast won of me,  
They wound my thoughts worle, then the sword my flesh:  
*But*

*Henry the fourth.*

But thought's the slaue of life, and lifetimes fool;  
And time, that takes surquay of all the world,  
Must haue a stop. O, I could prophesie,  
But that the Earth, and cold hand of Death  
Lies on my tongue: no *Percy*, thou art dust,  
And food for

*Prin.* For Wormes, braue *Percy*. Fare thee well, great heart,  
Ill weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunk?  
When that this body did containe a spirit,  
A Kingdome for it, was too small a bound;  
But now two paces of the vilest Earth,  
Is roome enough: this Earth that beares the dead,  
Beares not aloue so stout a Gentleman.  
If thou wert sensible of curtesie,  
I should not make so great a shew of zeale:  
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,  
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe  
For doing these faire rites of tendernes,  
Adieu, and take thy prayse with thee to heauen,  
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,  
But not remembered in thy Epitaph.

*He spieth Falstaffe on the ground.*

What, old acquaintance, could not all this flesh  
Keepe in a litle life? poore *Iacke* farewell:  
I could haue better spard a better man:  
O, I should haue a heauy misse of thee,  
If I were much in loue with vanitie;  
Death hath not strooke so faire a Deere to day,  
Though many dearer in this bloody fray,  
Imboweld will I see thee by and by,  
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lie.

*Falstaffe riseth vp.*

*Fal.* Imboweld? if thou imbowell me to day, Ile giue you  
leau to powder me, and eate me too to morrow. Zloud, 't was  
time to counterfeite, or that hot termagant *Scot* had paid mee  
scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit: to die is to  
be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who  
hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man

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thereby